BLAST IT, DARLING! THIS IS WRONG!

DARLING ZOOS

HUNTING'S *SUPPOSED* TO BE ABOUT TRACKING THE MOST DANGEROUS BLOODY KILLING MACHINES ON EARTH! THEN *PUNCHING* THEM UNTIL YOU LOSE YOUR WATCH!

YOU DON'T PUT THEM BEHIND *BARS!*

A HUNTER NEEDS HIS *TROPHIES,* SAXTON.

YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT.

YOU WERE MY BEST STUDENT, ONCE.

BEFORE YOU GAVE IT ALL UP. FOR *HER.*

SEA COW

SEA COW

DODO

PYGMY RABBIT

QUAGGA

NOOO

NEMESIS KICK!

YOUR EYES DIDN'T DECEIVE YOU, READER! I -- ***SAXTON HALE*** --JUST HAD A ***DRAMATIC CONFRONTATION*** WITH MY NEMESIS AND FORMER MENTOR, ***CHARLES DARLING!***

THOSE ***OTHER*** ADVENTURE RAGS WOULD HAVE SAVED A GEM LIKE THAT FOR THE ***CLIMACTIC ENDING*** TO A FOUR-PART STORY! ***NOT HERE!*** AT MANN CO., WE KNOW YOUR TIME IS ***PRECIOUS.*** ONLY WETNURSES AND JAZZ GUITARISTS WANT TO SIT AROUND READING PAGE AFTER PAGE OF CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT JUST TO FIND OUT WHY PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING. ***OUR COMICS CUT RIGHT TO THE FIGHTS.*** HALF THE TIME EVEN I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M HITTING SOMETHING!

DARRRLING!

THE NEXT FEW PAGES HAVE MY ASSISTANTS BLATHERING ON ABOUT SOME NEW WAY TO BUY HATS. IF YOU'RE LIKE ME, YOU'LL WANT TO SKIP DIRECTLY TO PAGE SIX, WHERE I JUMP OUT OF A BUILDING AND SOCK IT TO SOME HIPPIES. WHY? I DON'T KNOW. AND I ***NEVER WILL.*** THAT'S A ***MANN CO. COMICS PROMISE.***

LUCKILY, I SPOT AN ENDANGERED EAGLE AS I FALL TOWARDS THE EARTH!

AHA!

I CAN USE THIS NOBLE CREATURE TO GLIDE SAFELY TO THE GROUND!

AWK

THIS TURNS OUT NOT TO BE THE CASE! INSTEAD, MY WEIGHT CAUSES THE EAGLE TO PLUMMET ALSO.

SMASH

...DIRECTLY THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT OF MY OFFICE AT *MANN CO. HEADQUARTERS!*

MISTER BIDWELL! MISTER REDDY! *MARVELLOUS* NEWS!

DO YOU REMEMBER MY OLD HUNTING TEACHER, CHARLES DARLING?

HE'S MY *NEMESIS* NOW!

AWK

I'LL ADD HIM TO THE LIST, SIR.

OH, I AM GOING TO BEAT THE *HELL* OUT OF HIM.

SIR?

WE HAVE A BIT OF AN EMERGENCY.

DAMN IT, BIDWELL, WHAT ARE YOU SCOWLING ABOUT?

HERE. HAVE AN EAGLE.

BRAWK!

THEY'RE ENDANGERED. IF ANYBODY ASKS WHERE YOU GOT IT, I WOULD JUST RUN.

SIR. IT'S ABOUT OUR CUSTOMERS.

WHAT? WHAT ARE THOSE WEEPING CRYBABIES SNIVELING ABOUT NOW?

OUR CUSTOMERS ARE DEMANDING ***MORE***, SIR.

MORE WHAT? GUNS? CLOTHES? HATS? SCARS?

MORE ***EVERYTHING***, SIR.

HORSERADISH! THEY'LL TAKE OUR CURRENT INVENTORY AND ***LIKE*** IT! CHEAPLY MADE, UNSAFE PRODUCTS THAT ***CATCH ON FIRE!***

KEEP IN MIND, SIR, THAT IN THE ABSENCE OF NEW MANN CO. PRODUCTS, OUR CUSTOMERS ***ARE*** DESIGNING THEIR OWN.

NOT THE EQUAL OF THE MANN CO. BRAND, I'LL BET.

NO, SIR. THEY'RE ***BETTER.***

OHHHHH, THEY ARE ***DEAD MEN.***

THE CUSTOMER *IS* ALWAYS RIGHT, SIR.

THE CUSTOMER IS A ***DEAD MAN,*** BIDWELL.

I ***DID*** HAVE A THOUGHT.

IF THEY'RE GOING TO BUILD ITEMS ANYWAY... WHY DON'T WE OFFER TO SELL THEM THROUGH MANN CO.?

OO! I LIKE IT.

WE COULD EVEN GIVE THEM A CUT OF THE PROFITS.

HA HA HA! WHAT?

WAIT! I JUST REALIZED I STOPPED CARING ABOUT THIS CONVERSATION FIVE MINUTES AGO. TAKE CARE OF IT, BIDWELL. I--

SNIFF SNIFF

PATCHOULI OIL... ENTITLEMENT... POSTER BOARD GLUE... SMOOTH HANDS...

SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF

HIPPIES!

DEAR READER: YOU MADE THE *RIGHT CHOICE* SKIPPING AHEAD!

NOW, THIS FIGHT GOES ON FOR ANOTHER SIX PAGES, AND LET ME TELL YOU, I COME OFF LOOKING PRETTY DAMN GOOD IN IT.

HA HA HA HA HA

SPKSH!

ESPECIALLY ON THE FIFTH PAGE. OH, I REALLY GIVE IT TO THEM ON THAT PAGE.

NO!

NO MORE GUNS

PUT A SHIRT ON

STOP SELLING TO MERCENARIES

RED AND BL NO THANK

AFTER THAT THERE'S SEVERAL BORING PAGES INVOLVING THE POLICE. YOU CAN SKIP THOSE.

SAY NO TO MOUSTACHES

I'D SKIP THE WHOLE REST OF THE ISSUE, ACTUALLY. I'M LOOKING THROUGH IT NOW AND MOST OF IT INVOLVES LITIGATION.

OH! BUT IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE I PUNCH A TIGER! BUY THAT ISSUE. I'M LEAFING THROUGH IT NOW AND IT'S EASILY TWICE AS GOOD AS THE COMIC YOU JUST BOUGHT. I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL PAGE 18 FOR YOU, BUT I SUPLEX A BUSINESS RIVAL THROUGH A TABLE.

THIS FIGHT CONTINUES FOR SIX PAGES!